Fellow widow: you were very blessed to have a love like Karis

Me: yea... I would use that word. And I'm not even religious.

Grieving is a strange thing tho. The bargaining phase... I'm an atheist that prays... and Kari... the world's youngest widow, went through it years ago! She didn't know what she was... and I'm the same way...

I felt bad... I don't think I rubbed off on her that much... for a while I did... but then I remembered her being that way, too... just like religious folks have crisis of faith... we have the same... except we GET faith... it happens. Lol.

It's hard though... religion gives you all the answers... and they're all nice and tidy... the way you want to believe...

What is it that happens, again?? "Just what you hoped for my child"...

Oh! good. I thought death was going to be another let down like everything else... but apparently this is where it all magically makes SENSE... our FINAL REWARD... where we clear the ledger... all debts are canceled or passed onto our next of kin... and the little monkeys on the wet rock in space on the west spiral arm of the Milky Way galaxy GOT IT RIGHT, somewhat conspicuously amongst several other colossal boners, sans evidence or proof... and are THE RULERS OF ETERNITY with our top tier big monkey God, in our image... that's such a relief.

It really just sounded like a bunch of crap made up by some scared people who had been decimated... turns out they were PROPHETS... Prophets, who were decimated... and completely unlike the other 500 religions that managed to get it totally wrong... not sure of the significance of being decimated, though. People think that means wiped out, but in reality it means ONE IN TEN are wiped out. It's something the Romans invented. They realized that some of the best spoils of war are people. And if they killed them all, there's nobody left to do the work for them. So they follow a strict and rather disciplined method of killing one in ten… enough so everyone knows they've been soundly beaten, but shown a little mercy and restraint. The same is true in nature. Like viruses. A virus can only be viable if it has a living host and the ability to be passed on. So a deadly virus that kills all, is not a successful one and dies out with its host.

FW: That’s strangely comforting. Lol

Me: ok... very sorry about that rant... that was for Kari...

It used to upset her when I said... "do you think Jesus was watching that hot love making and was crying? Why would he watch? Does he care that much that we're not married?" And she would whisper "Sean! Stop!!" And I would ask "why are you whispering?" And she'd whisper "I don't know!"

I'd say "you know what omniscient means?"

"Yes"

"And omnipotent"

"Yes"

"And omnipresent"

"Yeeeezzz"

"And omnivorous?"

"Ye-... huh?"

"It means Jesus can hear you and eat you, so you don't have to whisper"...

And then a few hours later... "hey baby... you know what I wanna do?"

"What"?

"I wanna make Jesus cry"

"Sean! Doon't make Jesus cry!"

But she couldn't say it without laughing... we made him cry a lot... and puke at least once...

"I hope you don't hate me now, Jesus. You were a man once... you know how it is... I mean come ON... LOOK at her! You were there!"

"Sean... quit bringing Jesus in the bed room! He's a buzzkill!"

FW: I like to think of death like a spiritual awakening. I think, even though it's scary all the way up to it, once we go through it we end up like "Oh! Now I get it! I don't know what I was so afraid of. Now I remember knowing about this but it seems I tucked this memory away for nearly the whole time I was alive."

We are programmed from birth to survive, yet those who embrace the inevitability of death with loving acceptance are the only ones who ever get to truly live.

If only we could all look forward to the changing from caterpillars to butterflies. It seems it might be so much more glorious to fly, yet it is so immeasurably terrifying to think of doing it ourselves.

Me: MDD you know for years they thought that caterpillars morphed into butterflies... that in the cocoon, the basic appendages, legs, eyes, etc, slowly morphed into butterflies legs and eyes... but lately that belief was turned on its head as they discovered that the caterpillar basically dies... becomes a liquid slurry that isn't even life as we know it and becomes an entirely different organism... with two completely different DNA... it's a sound analogy... and one that gives hope, even if you’re an atheist. If you opened a cocoon in the first few days, you wouldn't see either animal... just inanimate goo with a recipe imbedded in the slurry...

FW: OMG! I had no idea! I think butterflies might be my new favorite animal now.

Me: MDD I know! I heard about this about maybe 6 months ago and it was very mind blowing! I mean… I wish I could talk to the caterpillar and then the butterfly… you know… maybe the caterpillar and I were in love… but does the butterfly even know me?

By the way, I finished that mix. It never feels done… definitely makes this the song of the week, though. https://youtu.be/2NvhRGjiCPw